

## THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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## THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

JOHN McLEARY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL, BYRON ANDREWS.

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Office: 339 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

## OUR NOVEMBER GIFT CONTEST.

As announced last week, we have opened a gift contest between our club-raisers for the month of November. We propose to give a two-volume Unabridged Dictionary, bound in full morocco, illustrated, containing the spelling, definition and derivation of every word used in the English language, to the three persons who shall send us the largest clubs during the month of November respectively. There is no difference in the prize between the first, second and third. This Dictionary is the most superb and perfect work of its kind ever published in this country. It contains several thousand illustrations, many full-page colored plates, and altogether comprises 2,338 royal octavo pages. This premium is given in addition to all others. Any club-raiser will receive the various premiums called for the number of names sent us, and in addition these three sets of Dictionaries will be given to those sending us the largest clubs mailed to us any time during the month of November. The names need not be kept to be sent in at one time, but should be mailed to us as fast as secured and due credit will be given. The names and addresses of the three winners of this great prize will be published in this column the second week in December.

We trust that our club-raisers will all get to work and try for this prize Dictionary, which is sold by the publishers at \$26. We presume that a comparatively small club will win it. However small it may be, we will send the Dictionary just the same.

## THE SPANISH REPLY.

The Spaniards have returned a flat refusal to our proposition to take over the whole of the Philippines.

This was not unexpected at the State Department, and causes no uneasiness. It was anticipated that Spain would do just that way. It is the card that diplomacy would naturally play, and particularly Spanish diplomacy. But it fails utterly of effect, because every one sees that Spain is not insane enough to threaten to break off negotiations, and renew the war. To invite in the faintest way the resumption of hostilities would mean still harder terms. To so much as give the President reason for ordering the concentration of our ships, and the resumption of recruiting would mean the loss of the Philippines without any sort of compensation, also of the Caparies and other islands, and deal the gravest blow at the languishing commerce and business of the kingdom.

The Spaniards, therefore, while refusing to accede to our proposition, have let it be understood that they will part with the islands for sufficient compensation. They have, as usual, talked about an appeal to Europe, and arbitration. The German and French press are growling savagely over the matter, and the Russian papers, acting under official instructions, are hinting at arbitration, and a discussion of the matter by the Powers.

The English papers, on the other hand, applaud our determination to take the whole group.

The outcome will be that there will be no arbitration and no protest by any of the Powers. The Americans have from the first set themselves sternly against any interference from outside parties, and these are much less inclined to put their fingers in than at first. Each of them knows that we would receive a protest with very bad grace, and consequently it will not be made. We shall probably follow our National precedents, and in the end make Spain some monetary allowance for the loss of the Philippines. We did this with Mexico in 1848, and we also paid Spain \$20,000,000 for the loss of "the Floridas." How much this will be will be the subject of much haggling by the Commissioners. The Spaniards insist that we have received a full indemnity for all our trouble and expense in the cession of Porto Rico and Cuba.

The English papers laugh at the idea of our paying anything to the Spaniards to save their souls.

## REFORMING CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

We sincerely hope that President McKinley will carry out the intention attributed to him, and issue an order undoing some of the malfeasance of President Cleveland in the matter of Civil Service. Nothing could have been a greater mockery of genuine Civil Service reform than Mr. Cleveland's course. He found the places under him largely filled by veterans of the rebellion, who had been given them in pursuance of the pledges made by the country, in which both the great parties joined. As a rule they had filled them for years, had devoted their lives to learning the duties, and were competent and faithful. There was every reason in the world why they should have been retained in the service. Every civilized country supports the principle that men who have fought for the country on the field of battle have the first claim to any office or employment in the gift of the Government. In no other way can a man gain so good a claim. Then these men had proved themselves capable and efficient, and they gave the Government the benefit of years of experience. If Civil Service Reform meant anything, it meant that they were anchored to their places firmly as a rock. But Mr. Cleveland turned them out by thousands—by actual thousands in Washington City alone. The numbers were not so great in other cities and towns, but the proportion to the Union veterans employed was the same. To have served the country three or four years, in a fighting regiment, seemed to be the best and surest reason why a clerk or other officer or employee should lose his official head. Having run the guillotine to his satisfaction, Mr. Cleveland proceeded to fill the vacancies by political henchmen, and then issued an order placing them all, including many classes never contemplated by the laws, under Civil Service. He did this on the very eve of his retirement from office. It was after the election had been decided against him, and its only object was to perpetrate his wrong-doing, and give his henchmen a lifelong lease on places unjustly given them.

This utter perversion of the intent and spirit of the Civil Service laws has been allowed to continue until now—nearly two years after Mr. Cleveland's retirement from office. The worthy men he wrongfully turned out are generally still out—their places are still filled, and their salaries drawn by the men without rightful claims that he put in. No canting by such hypocrites as Larry Godkin and Carl Schurz can gloss over this malfeasance. They know it was a gross offense, and that every day of its continuance is an aggravation. President McKinley cannot afford to be its accomplice by permitting its continuance.

It is to be hoped that he will make his order still more sweeping than at present foreshadowed. It should absolutely revoke that issued in the dying days of Cleveland's Administration, provide for the restoration of the system to the condition it was when Cleveland laid his mangling hand upon it, and conclude with a clause making mandatory and emphatic that preference in all kinds of public employment to all Union veterans in every species of public employment which the laws direct shall be given.

Every man who served his country faithfully in the time of her extreme peril should be considered as having the first claim on any office or place that he is qualified to fill. He has actual rights in this respect, that should be regarded as giving the first title to consideration.

## MAJ.-GEN. JOHN POPE'S

Articles to Begin Next Week.

We shall begin the publication next week of some long-promised and very interesting articles by the late Maj.-Gen. John Pope. They are charming and vividly interesting stories of his explorations when a young officer of Engineers of the country now embraced in the States of Minnesota and North and South Dakota, and on the "Old Santa Fe Trail" from St. Louis to Santa Fe. As all our readers know, Gen. Pope was a most entertaining writer, as well as a distinguished soldier, and his accounts of those countries as he then found them make a very interesting contrast with their present civilization and progress.

THERE is no end to the real estate Uncle Sam is gaining now-a-days. Recent surveys give him about 2,500 more miles in Alaska, and said to be very good land, too.

## SONS OF VETERANS.

Now let us have the Winter filled with zealous, well-concerted work in building up the Sons of Veterans. No Order in the country has finer possibilities than this splendid organization, and it rests with the Sons themselves whether these possibilities will be made the most of.

The Spanish war has added immensely to the prestige of the Sons of Veterans. Everywhere they were the foremost to respond to the Government's call, and everywhere they showed themselves true sons of their brave, patriotic fathers. They made the best kind of soldiers and officers. In some instances Camps of Sons of Veterans went into the army bodily. They were in large numbers in every company raised, and wherever found they were sure to be remarked for their soldierly spirit. In one historic regiment all the higher officers resigned or were removed, until they came down to the junior Major, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans. He took command of the regiment and led it most creditably through the Porto Rico campaign. Whenever any officer distinguished himself the chances were very strong that he would be found to be a son of a veteran, and had inherited his soldierly instincts.

These facts will tell to the advantage of the organization of the Sons of Veterans. The men who fought the battles of the Union were the flower of the manhood of the country. As a rule they married the sisters of their comrades—made them acquainted. If there is anything in blood and heredity—and science assures us there is—then the sons of veterans have received from both sides the best strains there are in the Nation. They naturally form a class of themselves, and a class from which the country can expect everything in the way of the highest aspiration and action for its advancement.

Let us, therefore, make every effort to get the sons of veterans together in every Township, Village, Town and City in the country. Let them organize on the broad basis of the Sons of Veterans, and while maintaining its principles they may pursue any other object or purpose for which young men may desire to associate themselves. It may be a social club in one place, a reading circle in another, a mutual insurance in a third, a farmers' club in a fourth, a military company in a fifth, a labor union in a sixth, and so on indefinitely. Let them get together as Sons of Veterans in everything, and feel that a man who is a son of a veteran is a little more to them than any other man. In this way they can become an inestimable power for good for the whole country, and also benefit themselves beyond estimate.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will be glad to hear from Sons of Veterans everywhere as to the progress they are making.

Some of the papers are figuring extensively on what we could do in the way of ships, fortifications and guns if it "were not for the burden of pension expenditures." There are some other items of National expenditures that might be just as profitably inquired into with reference to their abolition. For example, we paid last year \$37,791,110 interest on the public debt. This was sufficient to have built and entirely equipped nine such magnificent battleships as the *Maine* was. In 10 years this would give us the most magnificent navy in the world, just by swindling a few thousand rich men out of a portion of their income. Not one of them needs the interest that he receives a thousandth part as sorely as the pensioner does the little \$11 a month he gets to keep soul and body together. They are not at least any more entitled to their interest than the men who wrecked themselves in saving the country are to their pensions. The crime of defrauding them would not be so flagrant as that of robbing the pensioners of their rights. If we are going to begin a career of National dishonor, let us commence with the bondholders.

The newspapers of Santiago take to American freedom of the press with the glad enthusiasm of boys on a rotten-egg expedition, and especially enjoy criticizing American officials. One of them attacks Mayor McLeary for doing business in his office in his shirt-sleeves. They are behind the times. The triumph of the "Ohio Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy" promises to make the shirt-sleeve the badge of energetic American officialism.



Si and Shorty Make a Brief Visit to "God's Country."

The shot fired by Nate Hartburn was the only one that interrupted the progress of the 200th Ind. to the banks of the Tennessee River. Its cautious advance at last brought it out on the crest of a hill, at the foot of which lay the mountain stream. The rebels were all on the other side. Their pickets could be plainly seen, and they held the further pier of the burned railroad bridge. To our right rose three strong forts, built the year previous.

As soon as it was determined that all the enemy were beyond the river, the 200th Ind. went into camp for the afternoon and night upon a cleared spot which had been used for that purpose before our troops had been flanked out of that country by Bragg's raid into Kentucky just a year before.

A dress parade was ordered at 6 o'clock, and when the Adjutant came to "publish the orders," the regiment was astonished and Si electrified to hear:

"In pursuance of orders from Division Headquarters to detail squads from each of the regiments to proceed to the respective States to bring back recruits and drafted men for the regiments, First Lieut. Bowersox, of Co. A, and Corp'l Josiah Klegg, of Co. Q, with six enlisted men of that company, to be selected by Capt. Mc-Gillicuddy, are hereby detailed for that duty, and will prepare to leave to-morrow morning."

Si clutched his partner in his excitement and whispered:

"Shorty, did you hear that? I'm to be sent back to Indiana. Ain't that what he said?"

"If my ears didn't mistake their eyesight, then was about his words," returned Shorty. "You're in luck."

"And you're going with me, Shorty?"

"The Adjutant didn't include that in his observations. I ain't so crazy, anyway, to go back to Indiana. Now, if it was Wisconsin I'd go up there at my own expense, though I don't s'pose that Rosecrans could spare me just now. What'd become o' the army if he'd got sick, and me away?"

"Ent, Shorty, you are going. You must go. I won't go if you don't."

"Don't say you won't, too loud. You're detailed, and men that's detailed don't have much choice in the matter."

"But you must go. I won't go and leave you."

"You'll probably act sensibly and do whatever your orders ordered to do. Of course, I'd like to go to Wisconsin, but in time for this so-called with Mister Bragg. Don't want to miss that. That'll be the height o' the war, and probably the last battle."

"Nor do I," answered Si, "but the thing won't come off till we get back. I'll be sent back to Indiana. Now, if it was Wisconsin I'd go up there at my own expense, though I don't s'pose that Rosecrans could spare me just now. What'd become o' the army if he'd got sick, and me away?"

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home-folks, and directions as to their money and what they wanted bought.

But Shorty showed that he was overpowered with a nervous dread of pickpockets. He saw a passing light-fingered thief in everyone that approached. He would let nobody touch him, stood off a little distance from the rest of the squad, and when anybody wanted to shake hands would hold him stiffly at arm's length.

The "fugitive" might stick-up, just because the Colonel patted you on the back a little, and give you a soft detail," sneered one of Co. Q.

"Well, you'd be stuck up, too," answered Shorty, "if your clothes was padded and stuffed with other folks' greenbacks, and you was in the midst o' such a talented lot o' snatches as the 200th Infantry. Mind, I ain't makin' no allusions no references, and I think the 200th Infantry is the honestest lot o' boys in the Army o' the Cumberland; but if I wanted to steal the devil's pitchfork right out o' his hand, I'd make a detail from the 200th Infantry to do the job, and I'd be sure o' gittin' the pitchfork. I'll trust you all—when you're 10 feet away from me."

The others grinned and gave him a cheer. When they went to get on board the train Shorty had to change his tactics. He got Si on his right, the Lieutenant immediately in front of them, and two trusted boys of the squad directly behind, with strict injunctions to press up close, allow nobody between, and keep a hawk's eye on everybody. But both Si and Shorty were breathless with apprehension till they got through the crowd and were seated in the car, and a hasty feeling of various lumps about their persons assured them that their charges were safe. The Lieutenant sat in front, Si and Shorty next and the two trusted boys immediately behind. They breathed a sigh of relief. As they stood their guns over against the side of the car, Si suddenly asked:

"Shorty, did you draw your charge before you rammed that money in?"

Shorty jumped to his feet in a shudder of alarm, and exclaimed:

"Great Jehoshaphat, no. I forgot all about it."

"What's that you're saying about guns?" inquired the Lieutenant, turning around.

"You want to load them, and keep them handy. We're liable to strike some guerrillas along the way, and we must be ready for them."

"You fellows'll have to do the shootin'," whispered Shorty to Si. "It'll be a cold day when I hang \$150 in greenbacks at any rebel that ever jumped. I'm goin' to take the cap off my gun. The jostlin' o' the train's likely to knock it off at any time, and send a small fortune through the roof of the car. I'd take the money out, but I'm afraid o' tearin' it all to pieces, with the train pluggin' so."

He carefully half-cocked his piece, took off the cap, rubbed the nipple to remove any stray fragments of fulminate, and then let the hammer down on a piece of wadding taken from his cap.

The long ride to Nashville over the ground on which they had been campaigning and fighting for nearly a year would have been of deepest interest to Si and Shorty, as it was to the rest, if they could have freed their minds of responsibilities and long enough to watch the scenery. But they would give only a cursory glance and say:

"We'll look at it as we come back."

In the crowded depot at Nashville they kept a gangway clear as soon as it was discovered that they were coming.

"You can stack arms there, boys," said the Sergeant of the Guard, "and go right over there and get a warm supper, with plenty of coffee."

All but Shorty obeyed with alacrity, and stacked their guns with the quickness of old and handy veterans.

Shorty kept hold of his gun and started with the rest to the supper-room.

"Here, Indiana," called out the Sergeant, "stack your gun here with the rest."

"Don't want to—ain't a-goin' to," answered Shorty.

"What's the reason you ain't?" asked the Sergeant, catching hold of the gun.

"Nobody's going to take it, and if they did, you can pick up another. Plenty o' 'em, just as good as that all around here."

"Don't care. This is my own gun. I think more o' it than any gun ever made, and I ain't goin' to take any chance o' losin' it."

"Well, then, you'll take a chance o' losin' your supper," answered the Sergeant, "or rather you'll be certain of it, for the orders are strict against taking guns into the supper-room. Too many accidents have happened."

Shorty's dander rose up at once. At any other time he would have conclusions with the Sergeant then and there. But the remembrance of his charge laid a repressive hand upon his quick choleric, and reminded him that any kind of a row would probably mean a night in the guard-house, his gun in some other man's hands, probably lost forever, and so on. He decided to defer thrashing the Sergeant until his return, when he would give it to him with interest. He

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"Nonsense," said Si. "Put your gun in the stack